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THE VICTORIES OF ROME

AND

THE TEMPORAL POWER

BY

KENELM DIGBY BEST

RIEST OF THE ORATORY



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THE VICTORIES OF ROME.

"Sedes Roma Petri ; quæ pastoralis honoris
Facta caput mundo, quidquid non possidet armis
Religione tenet."—S. PROSPER AQUITANUS.

THE thoughts of men, their whole attention and interest, have of late been fixed, with painful intensity, upon one great absorbing subject—the destinies of Rome. Not an intelligent mind but has made Rome its subject-matter of research and study; not a loyal heart but has made Rome its object of perpetual prayer. The thought of Rome, the prayer for Rome, are in this year as world-wide and universal as Civilization and Christianity. Moreover, this sentiment, whereby the souls of men have been strangely stirred, has been outwardly manifested in a manner almost miraculous, by the spontaneous pilgrimage of peoples, priests, and prelates to the tomb of the Apostles, by the unsolicited collections throughout Christendom of Offerings and Peter's Pence, by the religious ardour with which the chivalry of Catholicism has gloriously begun a new Crusade, and rallied triumphantly around Rome. Let us not deny it: an appalling, almost unprecedented hostility towards the House of God has been displayed by the world, and imperatively demanded

our own marvellous counter-demonstration, as "fellow-citizens of the Saints, the domestics of God" (Ephesians ii. 19). In the beginning of the world, angels in heaven parted for conflict into two mighty camps and armies; in the end of the world, men on earth, for a like purpose, also divide and separate. The first battle was brief, for those who fought were strong; the last battle is slow, for a protracted struggle is alike suited to the changeful nature and the successive generations of the human race: but, for intensity of purpose, for the stake at issue, for the terrible consequences to follow, both battles, the celestial and the terrestrial, are most similar. The present champions of the Church are profoundly conscious that they fight, as fought the angelic host of old, under the eye of the God of Armies, and in His sacred cause:

The first war was declared against the Divine design of an Incarnation; this last is waged against its Divine results. The rebel angels revolted against Christ, their predestined King and Head; their earthly allies are now in revolution against His Kingdom and Headship. Therefore it is around Rome, the See of Peter, the seat of the Government of Christ, that the conflict takes place. Thither, either actually or in spirit, flock all powers for good and evil. Truth and falsehood, hope and despair, love and hatred, religion and irreligion, reason and passion, justice and lawlessness, purity and viciousness, probity and depravity—in a word, Christian and Antichristian, modern Crusader and modern Mussulman, the fellow-soldiers of Michael, and the

followers of the Dragon, are confronted before the Eternal City.

Christ is always with the Church, and the Holy Ghost is her Divine Guide throughout all ages. She needs not, therefore, at any time, to recur to the past to prove her conduct right. Always "Wisdom is justified by her children" (S. Matthew xi. 19); for they know well that she cannot err in what she does or teaches. But there are others, not her children, who in all honesty ask for explanations; and there are also many who maliciously belie her, who falsify history in order to accuse her of inconsistency and unfaithfulness to the mission assigned to her by her Divine Founder. It will then be pleasant to ourselves, and perhaps useful, and not unnecessary to others, if we look back upon the past, and thereby qualify ourselves to celebrate with all gladness this last victory of Rome over Revolution. We shall see that be the adversary Heathenism, Heresy, Barbarism, Statecraft, or Revolution, the contest has always ended in the discomfiture of the gates of Hell, and the triumph of the Tiara.

"Rome, Peter's See, the Source of pastoral power,
The world's Capital,
What realms she does not rule by arms
She governs by Religion."

A poet of the fifth century thus sang the praises of Rome. His words are noble and simple, and his description is, to this day, exact and accurate; we of the nineteenth century can but re-echo them, when speaking of the unchanged Eternal City.

Great and glorious was that ancient Roman

empire which succumbed to the spiritual dominion of the Christian Church. In recognition of whatever was good and great, she sanctioned, in their pristine simplicity, many of its wisest laws. Great and glorious, too, was the ancient city; and the modern city has respected its ruins, and spared the unhallowed walls, whose chief plea for mercy is their tottering age. Let human pride and ambition wander awhile among the remains of heathen Rome, and they may learn a useful lesson. These old dull piles of bricks and rubbish were once the residence of the conquerors and rulers of the earth: this heap of dusty ruins was once the capital city of the world, not merely of the surrounding territories, but equally of all other countries, nations, and races. Rome was *The City*—the central seat of government; and the whole world was to receive the edicts which she sent forth.

Nay, with astuteness which is astounding, and haughtiness which is sublime, she summoned to her altars the idols and false deities of all nations, thus contriving and claiming to be the centre of religion, as well as the centre of temporal authority. Heathen mythologies often contain distorted foreshadowings of those Christian doctrines which one day shall destroy them, and thus does this grand but groundless claim of ancient Rome foretell her fate; it is a prediction of a power and supremacy that will be hers, but only when she has broken those idols, and allowed their temples to return to dust and decay, while the Christians of the Catacombs come forth to build their churches upon her seven hills.

Heathen Rome resisted her Christian conquerors with all the resources that man can command or devil suggest. After 300 years she confessed herself defeated, and submitted, on one point absolutely and unconditionally; her idols were removed, their false worship was renounced for ever at the bidding of Christian Rome. On the other point, heathen Rome found in the new City a generous rival—she was allowed to retain the temporal power, she might even carry it elsewhere, it was not coveted nor asked for: not then, nor since, has the Church contended for its acquisition—or even interfered with it, except to keep it true to itself. Part of that old temporal dominion she has maintained, by admitting it at its urgent entreaty to a participation in ecclesiastical privileges, and with the other portion, divided out amongst new nations, she has never interfered, except at times to accord sanctuary protection to it in seasons of danger and distress. Between those two Romes, heathen and Christian, there has long been perfect peace: the one stands built upon the Rock of Peter, the other sleeps peacefully in ruins at her feet. Their conflict could have had no other end. Their principles were so different, their methods so opposed, their results so contrary, their monuments so dissimilar. Of heathen Rome, the principle was human glory; the means, war and terror; the result, the slavery of nations; the monuments, triumphal arches, amphitheatres, thermal halls, temples reared to deities who were vices personified. Of Christian Rome, the principle is the service of the true God; the means, the extension of the true Faith; the result, the salvation

of souls, and the civilization of the world ; the monuments, churches, monasteries, hospitals, universities, and museums. Heathen Rome is no more, its empire is ended, its wars are over, its slaves are set free, its monuments, the Capitol, the Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the Baths of Caracalla—all are in ruins, sullen and desolate, sinking slowly to the desert of the stern outlying Campagna. In that very desert uprises the Christian, the Rock-built Rome, isolated as it behoves a city of supernatural destinies, and proclaimed by the voice of the surrounding wilderness, the Capital of the world.

The crumbling walls of ancient Rome are relics rather than ruins, and for this are venerated ; they were sprinkled with the blood of martyrs. The shifting sands of the silent Coliseum have been wet and crimsoned with the sacred tide ; for, this sacred spot, now guarded like a Campo Santo,¹ was the first battlefield of the Church, where, during 300 years, countless martyrs gained their crowns, and where so many Sovereign Pontiffs successively laid down their meek lives for the flock bequeathed to their care by the first Bishop of Rome—S. Peter. These ruins are, therefore, trophies as well as relics : these pillars and temples are the spoils of superstition. Like the faded, drooping banners suspended in the cathedrals of victorious nations, they remain, in the midst of the Capital of Christendom, memorials of the first victory of the Church.

The first contest of the Church took place in the

¹ Since this was written, the Spoliators have tried to *secularise* the Coliseum, by removing its central cross.

very stronghold of superstition ; the very depôt of false deities. Let this fact suffice to prove the invincible courage of her champions. But still more admirable is the mode in which they gained their victory. Ever since, the same method of warfare has been characteristically adhered to by the Church in all subsequent conflicts. The battle was waged by weakness, and won by weakness ; by perpetual persecution, by perpetual death ; for it was a Christian victory that was to be gained. The Church of Christ must conquer as Christ conquered, by crucifixion. " Now is the judgment of the world. Now shall the Prince of this world be cast out ; and I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself " (S. John xii. 32). Christ is crucified on Calvary, His Vicars on the Vatican, and all their faithful soldiers die at the appointed post. Treachery, false charges, dishonour, scoffs and contempt, accusations of ambition and sedition, defeat, imprisonment, death ; these things, borne in patience and in faith, bring forth " the victory that overcomes the world. " Such is ever the method of gaining Christian victories practised by the Church, in accordance with the Divine decree, admitting no dispensation, no abrogation, the fundamental law of the Eternal City. How appropriately was the victory proclaimed ! From Tiber's banks, at sunset, Constantine beheld in the western sky, a resplendent golden Cross,—the heaven-shown sign to man that henceforth victory could be gained only by champions of the Crucified.

The Church had contended against evil in twofold shape—against intellectual falsity and moral depra-

vity, licence of the mind and of the senses. For 300 years she was attacked by the false views and theories of pagan philosophers, and by the depraved passions and degraded despotism of pagan emperors. The sceptic of the East, the warrior of the West, the one speculative, the other practical, both equally hostile to the Church, were rebuked and humbled by the unanswerable writings of Christian apologists, by the expiatory deaths of Christian martyrs. The Roman Pontiffs, from the house of Clement, from the Catacombs, encouraged the apologist, cheered the martyr, and went forth themselves to lay down their own lives for the flock. At Rome was sown most thickly the seed of the Church; there was the blood of martyrs most plentifully shed; and ever afterwards God has made glorious their place of sepulture. In peace, in purity, in faith, the slain victors sleep before the altar of God and the Chair of S. Peter; and over those martyrs, that altar, that chair, God visibly up-reared the grand and glorious Roman Church, mother and mistress of all the Churches, infallible in faith and morals.

In recognition of their victory over heathenism, and guided by heavenly inspirations, Constantine hastened to leave Rome. The Christians had bought it from the empire by their blood, and had consecrated it by their holiness. He saw by instinct that Rome was divinely designated as the Capital of that spiritual kingdom to which he subjected his own temporal empire. The eagle of Jupiter deserted his Roman eyrie, and the dove of Christ there made herself a nest. It was noble self-renunciation on the

part both of Emperor and Pope. The one made haste to vacate, the other, "when compelled,"¹ consented to occupy the throne of Rome. It is the glory of Constantine to have taken spontaneously the first step in execution of the plan of Providence, whereby, as it has been well said, "the temporal and the spiritual are united in one at Rome, that elsewhere they may be distinct."² Constantine, by leaving Rome for his new capital, in the fourth century, practically abandoned his position and power as ruler of Rome, together with the title of Sovereign Pontiff. But it was not till the end of the sixth century, and the reign of S. Gregory the Great, that the Popes could reconcile themselves to the assumption of full power. This reluctance is recorded by all historians. However, it is a significant fact, that since the departure of Constantine it has been the glory of the emperors never to have entered Rome but as strangers or pilgrims, and the glory of the Popes never to have left Rome but as exiles and wanderers.

The Church had scarcely won her first victory over heathenism, ere she again found herself compelled to engage with another even more formidable antagonist. Heresy succeeded heathenism, and proved itself an adversary far more dangerous, subtle, and malignant, crafty enough to secure like its predecessor the patronage of the State, in other words, power to persecute and pillage. Donatists, Arians, Pelagians, Nestorians, Eutychians, Monothelites, were in succession the spiritual poisoners who spread plague and

¹ Gibbon.² M. Odilon Barrot.

pestilence throughout the flock of Christ, the wolves who harried it, the plunderers who committed the most abominable excesses with the sanction of penal laws. Iconoclasm, which began in 737, was the last and most senseless of these heresies against the doctrine of the Incarnation. For about 400 years these heresies, tenacious of life, fertile in falsehood, were able to elude and resist the deathblows and condemnations of the Church. One was scarcely destroyed, ere another sprang up in its place. They were acute enough, and plausible enough, to win the favour of eastern emperors, to secure the ready services of imperial generals and western exarchs, to gain the savage support of barbarian chiefs and kings. Thus sheltered by the State, they invoked exile, ill-usage, and imprisonment against many of their untiring, unflinching opponents, the Roman Pontiffs. From S. Sylvester to S. Sergius, the Popes were confessors of the faith, as their predecessors had been martyrs. They cheered and protected the champions of the truth. They upheld the faithful S. Athanasius, S. Chrysostom, S. John Damascene. The very efforts of the heretics to mislead them, and, failing that, to drive them into exile, or have them brought as prisoners to the emperor's palace, indicate sufficiently the importance attached to the least word of the Roman Pontiffs, and the fidelity with which they defended the flock. Often the evil, against which they contended, attained huge proportions; S. Jerome's declaration was scarcely an exaggeration: "The whole world groaned to find itself Arian." One portion of the flock was not then, or at any time, infected with heresy, that which feeds

round the feet of the Shepherd, and is folded by himself on the seven hills of Rome. Thither went the doubting, the disputing, the defeated; patriarchs and bishops, all—appealed to Rome, fled to Rome. They knew that S. Peter spoke by the mouth of her Bishop. He, by legates in distant Councils, or, without Council, by his own unquestioned personal infallibility, decided each controversy, defended each truth, condemned each error,—“The cause is ended, Rome has spoken” (S. Augustine).

Thus did Rome gain the victory of the Church over heresy, thus asserted her supremacy in all matters of faith. She preserved the world from the future fate of Russia and poor England; for she exposed the unholiness of the pretensions of the State to make theological decisions. She taught kings and emperors that salutary lesson given by the brave Bishop of Patara to Justinian, the tiresome, the meddling:—“There are many kings in the world, but there is only one Pope in the universe!”

History records divine actions, as well as human events. God is not an indifferent spectator of human affairs, and, in the end, their judge. He interferes. When nations, by their turbulence and lawlessness, interrupt the flow of His divine blessings from the sacramental fountains of the Church, then God arises and visibly chastises the guilty. “The day of the Lord is at hand upon all nations; as thou hast done, so shall it be done to thee” (Abdias i. 15). Such is the law of divine retaliations. We are therefore at no loss to account for the irruption of barbarians, who first laid waste, and subsequently

seized and divided amongst themselves, the Western Empire.

Conscious of having been sent as an instrument of divine vengeance, their leader styled himself "The Scourge of God." No man was better named. "Along the track of my horses' hoofs," he said, "the very vegetation must disappear." No havoc could be more vividly described. He marches straight for Rome—Rome, helpless and defenceless. But he is met at the Mincio, not by the emperor's army, but by one venerable, majestic old man, who forbids him to advance. The heart of Attila is filled with mysterious awe; he obeys, for God has spoken to him by S. Leo. He leads his wondering warriors away: his mission is over, for the anger of God has been appeased by the prayers of His servant, and Rome is saved by the bloodless victory of her intrepid pastor.

Again and again did the Popes protect Rome, as though they were even then her Pontiff-Kings; undeniably, they were her sole hope and help. The emperors, in whose behalf the Popes loyally protected and preserved this glorious city in the West, remained unmoved; they persevered in their heretical persecutions and theological tyrannies till the day of the Lord again arrived. Barbarians were again His instrument, but this time barbarians from the East, who threatened Constantinople. Before S. Sergius escaped by death, in 701, from the persecutions of Justinian, the cloud-like cavalry of Mahomet had appeared on the horizon of the eastern deserts, and alarmed Constantinople. Not without good cause—"As thou hast done, so shall it be done to thee"—

The things of God have been coveted by Cæsar: what he has shall be taken from him and given to the Sultan.

The punishment, however, fell first upon the West, where northern barbarians carved kingdoms for themselves by dismembering the empire. Vandals, Goths, and Lombards advanced to the very walls of Rome, and receded to settle peacefully in the surrounding provinces. The ocean-wave sweeps onward to the shore, but its strength and pride are broken by some mighty rock, the angry roar dies away in soft music, the curled crest falls in a shower of sparkling foam; thus the great wave of northern warriors was broken and dispersed into harmless civilization, when it encountered the Rock on which the Church is built. In their confused masses Rome discerned the elements of a new Europe. She civilized them, reconciled them to live and let live in peace and Christianity. She stood between the old and the young, the decaying and the vigorous, and obtained a peaceful ending for the departing empire, by the gentle restraint she exercised upon the eager and impatient young nations of the North.

Upon this victory of Rome over barbarism a profound Protestant historian has thus candidly written: "Had not the Church existed, the entire world would have been delivered over to mere material force."¹ Humanity was saved by Roman Pontiffs. "He might now give his blessing," wrote another Protestant, "to all the emperors, kings, princes, and lords of Christendom, and say, Without

¹ Guizot.

me you would not be what you are! The Popes have saved antiquity; and Rome is worthy of remaining as a sanctuary in which to shelter all the precious treasures of the past.”¹

Let these same kings and emperors always well consider their conduct towards Rome. She has already often been the object of kingly cupidity. More than one Lombard king sought to take Rome from the Popes. Had any succeeded, the modern history of Europe would have been short and simple. Islamism would have made another wilderness in the West. Europe's plains, uncultivated, would have been the review ground of its cavalry; the whole world, East and West, would have crumbled into decay under the fatalism of Mahomet. This destruction of Europe has again and again been averted, but only by the Popes. The sovereigns of Europe have reason to be thankful that there was, in 732, a Roman Pontiff, a S. Gregory III., to guide and direct Charles Martel, and by his blessing to send miraculous victory to the little Frankish army. On the altar of S. Peter's the Holy Father blessed the medals to be worn in that battle of Poitiers by the champions of Christendom. No wonder that the Moslem, so oft defeated by the prayers of the Popes in S. Peter's, should hate it, and impiously threaten to stable his steeds there in desecrating scorn. But no Pontiff has ever been subjected to such grief, and to such sacrilegious affront to his priestly honour. Constantinople, the city of the emperor, has been taken by

¹ Herder.

the Infidel, but the Capital of Christendom has been defended by the presence of the Pope.

Europe has to thank S. Gregory III. for the victory of Poitiers, S. Leo III. for the victory of Ostia, S. Pius V. for the victory of Lepanto, Innocent XI. for the victory of Vienna. Europe should remember what Sultan Soliman said of S. Pius V.: "I fear the tears of this Pope more than all their arms." Nay, it is impossible not to conclude that, had the East remained faithful and obedient to the Popes, they would have been able to protect the East also; and the Infidel would never have possessed the Holy Places, nor be now enthroned at Constantinople.

As the vacant places in heaven, forfeited by the fallen angels, are given to men, so the places of lost heretics in the Church on earth are given at once to others. Great conversions of new nations take place when children of the Church dishonour her by wickedly renouncing their birthright. The last heresy of early times had hardly ended, ere God, to console His long-afflicted Church, to reward her with the fruits of her victory, granted to her the grace and power to convert during the next 200 years, that is, from the end of the eighth to the beginning of the eleventh century, no less than nine new nations—namely, the Saxons, Danes, Swedes, Russians, Bulgarians, Bohemians, Normans, Poles, and Hungarians. This was, indeed, matter of rejoicing to Rome; but her rejoicing was soon to change once more into sorrow; for, a new mischief made its appearance, and insidiously assailed the Church. We have now to

see how Rome gained her next victory over Statecraft.

Could monarchs bequeath with their kingdoms the wisdom taught to each by his experience, there would have been ere now a tradition of the Throne, considered as true as any tradition of the Church. The truth thus transmitted would be this: It is as vain as it is sacrilegious to attack the Sovereign Pontiff. There would then have been no dark ages—ages covered with the darkness of the Passion, when the children whom the Church had brought up despised her, and when Tuscans, Saxons, and Normans insolently perpetuated the persecutions of the Lombard kings against the Vicars of Christ. We can believe that they knew not fully what they did; they saw not, as we now see clearly, that when the Chair of S. Peter is in the undisturbed possession of his Successors, then, and only then, are all other thrones tranquil and secure.

The nations of Europe were prosperous and happy. Roman missionaries had brought them faith, knowledge, education. Roman Pontiffs had taught them principles of good and just government, had heard their appeals, settled their disputes and blessed their devout pilgrimages to the Tomb of the Apostles. But ambition is as great a power for evil as authority is for good, and the world became plunged in darkness by the disgraceful efforts of scheming secular princes to control or grasp the gift of God, the Spiritual power of the Church. They, practically, were trying to be Popes, not in defining doctrine, like the speculative Easterns, but in exercising power,

a task more congenial to their practical northern natures. This evil reached its climax towards the end of the eleventh century, when the deliverer arrived — Pope S. Gregory VII.

Fearful were the abuses he had to deplore, horrible were the scandals he had to sweep away; all flowing from one source, the usurpation, by the civil power, of the right of ecclesiastical investiture.

We shall give an unexaggerated account of this conflict between the Tiara and the Crown. It may be taken as a fair specimen of many other contests, although its successive phases pass before us more like the scenes of a tragic drama than sober history.

Henry IV. of Germany, emperor-elect, by a lamentable perversion of many gifts and talents, developed into a monster of personal wickedness and pride, and was conspicuously the Oppressor of the Church. He screened and defended the incontinence and simony of the unworthy men whom he forced upon the churches as their pastors. So, to vanquish this wicked tyrant, the firm and fearless Hildebrand was called from Cluny to the Chair of S. Peter.

From his city of Rome, the new Pope, in deepest anguish of soul, looks out upon a whole world sunk in vice, sullen and resolutely determined to remain impenitent and unsaved. Prostrate in his oratory he beseeches God "to make him of some use to the Church of his poor Jesus, or to take him out of life." To this agony succeeds what I dare to call his passion. His whole life is spent in the battle which Henry began in the year 1075. The Holy Father sees that there can be neither truce nor peace, till he has

wrested the ring and crosier of the Church from the avaricious grasp of sacrilegious sovereigns. As a father, he implores Henry to desist from his violent opposition, without avail; he warns as a judge, without effect; he then exclaims, "Cursed is he who withholdeth his sword from blood (Jeremias xlvi. 10), and, with God's help, this malediction shall not fall on me." Excommunication is pronounced against the king.

Henry, in rejoinder, incites a treacherous nobleman of Rome to assassinate his Sacred Sovereign. The impious Cenci attempts the crime, and draws his parricidal sword upon the Pope at the altar of S. Maria ad Præsepium, on the very night when angels sing of Peace on earth. The sacrilegious stroke wounds but does not kill the Holy Father, and he, firm and fearless, with bleeding brow, resumes his interrupted midnight Mass.

Another scene. S. Gregory is in council in the Lateran Church, his full synod and court around him. Roland, an envoy of Henry, enters, most insolently defies him, and proclaims the Pope deposed. The miscreant would be cut to pieces on the spot but for the prompt action of the Holy Father, who hastens from the throne to shield the blasphemer with his own body. "My children," he exclaims, "let not the peace of the Church be disturbed. Behold, we live in those dangerous times spoken of by Scripture, when men shall be lovers of themselves, greedy, proud, and disobedient; it is necessary that scandals come; and the Lord hath said that He sent us as sheep among wolves: we must be wise as serpents, but mild as

doves ; we must hate no one, but bear with the madmen who will violate the law of God. For a long time we have lived in peace ; it is the will of God that the harvest shall again be watered with the blood of the Saints. Let us be prepared for martyrdom, if need be, and let nothing separate us from the charity of Jesus Christ."

Soon after, the Holy Father went himself in search of the royal sinner. The excommunicate had feigned submission and repentance ; for, unless the censure were removed before the anniversary of its infliction, "according to the laws of the land" he would have lost his right to the crown. They met at the fortress of Canossa. The patient Pope detected the duplicity of Henry in spite of all his plausible protestations. Thereon ensued one of the most sublime scenes in history.

S. Gregory celebrates holy Mass. He consecrates, but before communion he turns towards the king, and holding in his hand the Sacred Host, addresses the startled man. "To do away with all kind of scandal, we will appeal to the judgment not of man but of God. Let the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we are about to take, be this day a proof of our innocence. We pray the Almighty, if we are innocent, to dispel suspicion, and, if we are guilty, to send us sudden death." He communicates himself, and again breaks the awful silence. "Dear son, do you also as you have seen us do. The German princes have daily accused you to us of a great number of crimes, for which these nobles maintain that you ought to be interdicted during your whole life, not only from

royalty and all public function, but also from all ecclesiastical communion and all commerce of civil life. They urgently demand that you be judged, and you know how uncertain are all human judgments. Do, then, as we advise; and if you feel that you are innocent, deliver the Church from this scandal and yourself from this embarrassment. Receive this other portion of the Sacred Host, that this proof of your innocence may close the lips of your enemies, and engage us to be your most ardent defender, to reconcile you with the nobles, and for ever to terminate the civil war." Henry trembles. Conscious of intended treachery, he shrinks from so terrible a test. The Pontiff spares him. There is only one communicant at that Mass.

The animosity of Henry soon broke out afresh, and in a still worse form. Emboldened by his victory over Rudolph, a rival elected by the German princes in opposition to the prohibition of S. Gregory, the vengeful king appointed an Antipope in 1080; and during the next four years more than once marched upon the Eternal City. Her Pontiff-King's reply to such violence were the following words: "We desire but one thing, that the impious repent and return to their Creator. We have but one will, that the Church, everywhere oppressed and overturned, should resume her ancient splendour and stability. We have but one object, that God be glorified in us, and we in our brethren, even in those who persecute us; so that we all may merit to arrive at eternal life. Regain courage, therefore; conceive a lively hope; fix your gaze upon the standard of the Eternal King,

who saith unto us, '*In patience possess your souls*'" (Ep. ix.).

At length the Sovereign Pontiff was closely besieged by the persecutor in the Castle of S. Angelo, his last and only refuge. And then God interfered. The Zouaves of that time, a gallant little band of Normans under Robert Guiscard, set forth to encounter and drive off the royal forces. Henry, like a certain modern ruffian, had been too wicked and too cruel to be any longer brave, and the craven king retreated in baffled rage, whilst S. Gregory blessed his heroic rescuers.

The worn-out, afflicted Pontiff was too sad to look upon, too fatigued and infirm to remedy in person, all the ravages committed by the Germans in Rome. Nor was it even safe for him to remain there. He went to die in peace at Salerno, how sorrowfully let his own last words avouch: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and for this I die in a strange land."

Exiled and wronged, a very victim of woe, he yet was the victor in the long and weary strife. Again, it was the Pope who triumphed, and by his patience and his sufferings. The Church did not reap the entire fruit of her Saint's victory till fifty years later, when the secular State renounced at Worms all its arrogant pretensions, and made restitution of the confiscated Church property. But she has always attributed the victory to the firm and fearless S. Gregory; for he utterly and finally destroyed the hopes of the civil power to be admitted into partnership in ecclesiastical prerogatives. Rome thanks her

much-tried Saint for this Victory of the Spiritual Supremacy.

Cessations of hostility, the only form of peace between the world and the Church, never last long. The world, when defeated, only remains quiet whilst planning and preparing for the next campaign. Obstruction of Rome's free exercise of her spiritual supremacy had been the object of the world's warfare until the twelfth century. There still remained one other sovereign right, hitherto unquestioned and unassailed—the independence and inviolability of her Temporal Power. There, it was resolved in the middle of the same twelfth century, that the new attack should be made.

In order to attack the spiritual supremacy, both empire and monarchy had allied themselves with heresy. They were wise; for heresy is the most suitable ally of the civil power in such a war, since heresy is precisely intellectual disobedience to the authoritative teaching of the Church. Heresy was, however, scarcely serviceable in a campaign against the Temporal Power of the Popes. Besides, inventors of heresies, like inventors of weapons, are sometimes at fault. Another spirit of evil had to be sought, and one was soon evoked.

Like a strong demon let loose on earth, the revolutionary spirit broke out. It must have come direct from the gates of hell, for it rushed straight and at once on the Church. Its first prophet, Arnold of Brescia, was condemned by the Tenth General Council held by Innocent II. at Rome, in 1139. Little did those Lateran Fathers think that the

wild young revolutionist would attempt to drive the Popes from Rome. S. Bernard, however, gave warning to the Pope. "Beware that youth of Brescia. His words are honey, his doctrines poison. 'Tis a scorpion with dove's head. Brescia has vomited him, France has banished him, Germany has flouted him, and Rome must curse him!"

Arnold went forth with the cry: "Rome the Capital of the Italian Republic!" The doctrine of this patriarch of revolution was, that spiritual and temporal power cannot be held by the same man, and that no ecclesiastic can possess property or civil power. His proclamation of a revived Roman Republic was undoubtedly an original idea, the tactics with which he pushed it were not so new. Quite like an old-fashioned heretic, and in ludicrous contempt of consistency, he invoked on his Republic's behalf the aid of the Emperor Conrad III. "Down with all who resist Cæsar! Behold our cry! We are resolved to make thy dominion universal and unrivalled." As usual, the Emperor recognised an ally, and was to be found on the wrong side. In the hope of plundering the despoiler, his successor, Frederic Barbarossa, kept on some sort of terms with the would-be Roman Republicans. Secret societies pervaded Europe. Riot and bloodshed desecrated Rome. One Pope, Lucius II., was assassinated in the streets during a popular tumult. The city was put under interdict. The Emperor, for his own purposes, intervened, but was too late to be of service to religion. The sufferings of her Pastors are, after all, the only safety and defence of Rome.

But the end of the first outburst of anarchy was indeed tragical. The Romans, in disappointment and disgust, turned at last upon these Italian patriots and Republicans. During an absence from the city of both Pope and Emperor, the man who made the people supreme was arraigned before a hastily extemporised popular tribunal. In wild and irregular justice, they punished his undeniable guilt. They beheaded him, burnt the body, and cast its despised ashes on the waters of the Tiber. His crime was treason and blasphemy against the Sovereign Pontiff and the Church of Rome. "He that shall curse father or mother, shall die the death" (Exodus xxi. 17). This is God's sentence upon Arnold of Brescia.

The doom of Arnold did not, however, deter his imperial imitator and accomplice. Democracy was defeated; but diplomacy, it was thought, might still carry on the war. And, if diplomacy should encounter any serious check, then it would be an easy matter to stir up democracy to a new effort. Thus, Alexander III., Gregory IX., Innocent IV., were the victims of alternate violence and intrigue—victims, but victorious; for the empire at last renounced its unholy designs, when Rudolf of Hapsburg, in 1275, made oath before Gregory X. that he would ever respect and defend the inviolability and independence of the Temporal Power.

Throughout the prolonged disasters of the Guelf and Ghibelline wars, and against the injustice of Philip of France, who was to Boniface VIII. what Henry of Germany had been to S. Gregory VII., the Sovereign Pontiffs, wearily or vigorously, as they best

could, defended the inviolability of their own States, and the independence of Italy, only secured by that of Rome—for the rights of Rome are the legal basis of all other rights in the world.

But it was not only, nor chiefly, for liberty and justice, that the Popes sustained, amidst many vicissitudes, this conflict during nearly 300 years; it was for the very safety of the religion of Christendom. In such a cause, to send forth, or even to accompany his army, became, in case of need, the sacred duty of the Head of Christendom, the Pontiff-King of Rome. We are not surprised to find amongst the Popes, a Soldier-Saint surrounded with his army. The following anecdote teaches how good Catholics, from first to last, have ever regarded the struggles of Sovereign Pontiffs in defence of their Temporal Power:—

A little army, composed of German volunteers, Lombard and Italian troops, is defeated with great slaughter at Dragonara. The vanquished have fought to defend the person of S. Leo IX., and the Pontifical States, against Norman invaders. The victors rush to Civitella to capture the Pope himself, who has accompanied his troops thus far. The Normans meet the Holy Father coming towards them; they kneel, they weep, they pledge themselves sorrowfully to take the place of his valiant soldiers, whom they have slain almost to a man. He, tender and true-hearted, takes his way mournfully to the battlefield, and spends two days of fast and prayer upon the spot. The dead are buried; but men notice that, whereas the Norman corpses are disfigured and

mangled by the wolves, no Papal soldier has been touched, and they look more like men in sleep, than the slain in a fierce battle. Meanwhile a report spreads that the Pope has had revelations, and has been assured that the slain soldiers take rank in Paradise with the martyrs. This much is certain: three days before his death, S. Leo called his court and clerics around him, and spoke thus: "The moment is come for me to leave this world. Last night I was shown the land of heaven; and whilst I marvelled at what I beheld, all the brethren who died in Apulia for the Church of Jesus Christ, came before me. Their garments shone like gold; each held in his hand a palm of unfading beauty; all called to me aloud: 'Come and dwell with us, for it is by thee that we have gained this glory.' I heard another voice, which said: 'Nay, not yet; but in three days thou shalt rejoin us. This is thy place; thy throne is prepared, and awaits thee!'"

On the third day, as had been predicted, the saintly speaker died. Can any Catholic doubt but that S. Leo and his martyrs opened their heavenly ranks to receive the soldiers of Pope Pius, the massacred martyrs of Castelfidardo, and the conquerors of Mentana?

Another most painful but instructive incident of the long contest, here suggests itself. A Roman Cardinal, a son of S. Philip, who lectured for thirty years in the Little Oratory on Church History, has said: "France is ever the haven of the tempest-tossed barque of Peter." Yet French historians themselves are ready to acknowledge, with Baronius,

that the presence of the Pontiff-King at Rome is necessary for Rome's own welfare, and the union of Christendom.

By the factions of Italy the Sovereign Pontiffs are deplorably driven into a species of self-exile, which lasts for seventy years. France is their haven of refuge; so they purchase Avignon, and there make their residence. Few memories are more touchingly pathetic than the beautiful legend which relates how Benedict XII., a gentle mystic, called, before his elevation, the White Cardinal from his Carthusian habit, night after night would wearily mount the lofty watch-tower of the Papal Palace, and in the dark, silent hours, stretch forth his arms, with sighs and prayers, towards his widowed Church, the Eternal City. The tears of this Pope were to be feared; for two things are always regarded by the Almighty with pity and compassion—the lamentations of a captive Prophet, and the sorrow of an exiled Pope.

Well might the Pontiff mourn! Rome was ruined. Only 17,000 inhabitants received the Popes on their return; 150,000 inhabitants had beheld their departure. The whole West, too, separated itself into a schism which lasted the length of the exile, just seventy years; and this calamitous state of religion, which succeeded the Avignon period of exile, and can be called the punishment for that exile, completes the proof that the Popes are guided by the Holy Ghost in maintaining the inviolability of their territory, and the necessity for their unmolested residence in the Capital of Christendom.

However, all the traces of the conflict, the sorrow, the schism, had disappeared, when Leo X., in 1513, began his peaceful and glorious Pontificate. In faith, in obedience, in spiritual supremacy and temporal sovereignty, the Church had victoriously attained perfect proportion and faultless symmetry, despite all the incessant efforts of the world to dwarf the stately beauty of the Bride of Christ. It was reserved to Leo X. to celebrate, with all the magnificence of his natural character, this final victory.

For his great learning, his munificence and goodness, he was called the Father of Religion. The greatest genius and talent yielded to the charm of his influence, and, with the muses, walked willing captives in that well-deserved triumph and ovation of rejoicing Rome. It may be briefly said, that it was Leo's happiness to place, for once, upon the head of the Bride of Christ, a crown that was not of thorns, but woven with all fair flowers of earth and the olive branch of peace.

It might be supposed that the powers of evil would be glad to rest awhile—that, after so many centuries of strife and defeat, the world, were it but for very weariness, would acquiesce in the triumph of the Church. It might also be supposed that all the world's resources were at last exhausted, and that it would be obliged to look on in respectful silence, whilst the Church erected a monument of peace and victory. She chose to build a majestic Basilica for the Successors of S. Peter, an appropriate tribute of affection and gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiffs. All Christendom hastened to contribute towards the

completion of this offering to the Pope, desirous that, by its glorious beauty and vastness, it might the more worthily represent the spiritual splendour of that other mystical edifice, the Universal Church.

As the Crusades for the defence of the Cross had brought men together into a commonwealth of Christian charity, so this sixteenth-century Crusade, concerted for an exaltation of the Cross in the centre of Christendom, drew men into a yet closer union of charity; and the gates of hell were therefore once more alarmed at the progress of the spirit of religion, and beheld with dismay the influence of this carrying out of so magnificent a conception. The gates of hell had one desperate expedient to propose, if a mortal could be found wicked enough to listen to the scheme. They had hitherto tried to impede the Church at every step: they had attacked her on the right hand and on the left; they had been beaten off triumphantly in their tactics of hindrance; but they now at last would try whether a general assault could not be organised, whereby that should be destroyed which had not been prevented. Bold indeed must have been the man to whom the devils suggested this evil to be practised upon the holy Roman Church. Ere the monument of peace was finished, peace was ended, and the worst of all wars began. With a brutal protest against the work of love, against S. Peter's, with his "Wherefore is this waste?" a thorough Judas—came forth, Luther, the apostate monk, whose name can be coupled only with that of the apostate apostle.

"Reform!" was his cry: his doctrine "Destroy!

Away with the Church of Rome. Destroy her altogether, spiritually and temporally ! ”

With portentous pride, this prophet of reform displayed in himself the arrogance of all heresiarchs, eastern and western, and not inconsistently, for he adopted the errors of all, allowed the licentiousness of all to himself and his followers, and in audacity surpassed all, by impiously demanding the destruction of the Papacy, and the recognition of the personal infallibility of every one as to his own faith and morals. Reformation was the decoy call to his school, destruction was the real lesson which was learnt : and poor Rome herself was almost the first to discover this, at nearly the cost of existence ; for the sack of Rome in 1527, which lasted two whole months, the worst of all her calamities, and indescribably horrible, was the infamous work of the Lutherans in the Spanish-German army led by De Bourbon against the Sovereign Pontiff. The vilest outrages to religion and humanity were perpetrated by these pioneers of Protestantism, who thus at one and the same time gratified their ignoble brutality and their heretical hatred of Catholicity.

Thus was inaugurated, 300 years ago, what is called the period of the Reformation. The period is not past, though we give to our own times the name of the Age of Revolution. Between the Reformation and the Revolution there is evidently complete identity of principle and practice, an identity also of hostility to the Church, and they are fast approaching to an identity of name. The false names, assumed at first as disguises, are seldom used. Reason began

by styling her revolt against Faith, liberty of conscience first, and afterwards philosophy; she now finds herself gradually compelled by the laws of logic and by the inexorable force of facts to submit to the right name of that revolt, and to let it be called infidelity. The transition from the Reformation and liberty of conscience to the Revolution and infidelity changes in nothing the spirit of the whole period, which consists throughout in desires and attempts to destroy the Church.

In almost every country, the secular State, as a matter of course, made an experiment against the Church with this new weapon called Reformation. Its destructive and subversive character was sufficiently seen to put the great governments of the Continent upon their guard; and they adopted it systematically, only after having modified it with all manner of limitations. Thus arose those modern, contemptible half-measures of Church persecution in Catholic countries, Gallicanism, Josephism, and similar dilutions of the heresy of destruction.

Amidst some surpassing consolations, such as the conversion of new nations by S. Francis Xavier, the conclusion of the great Council of Trent, the miraculous victories over the Turks, granted to their prayers, the Sovereign Pontiffs have had little else than suffering since this great heresy began. They have had to grieve for whole kingdoms torn away from the Church; they have had to protest incessantly against partial and petty persecutions in others, which have neither the courage to leave her, nor the grace to accord to her due respect and honour.

The world, however, not the Church, has had to sustain the real loss and damage. Its governments soon found that they possess no special privilege, above individuals, of playing with dangerous weapons and sharp-edged tools, with impunity. Human wickedness, which they had purposely been irritating in order to molest the Church, became thoroughly aroused, lost all patience with coward kings, and called on Infidel Philosophy to bethink itself of some new form of religion and of government, whilst the old were being swept away.

The prophet of this Infidel Philosophy raises the new cry—"Ecrasez l'Infâme!"—Stand aside, irresolute monarchs, illogical heretics, constitution-granting, concordat-breaking governments; ye have utterly wearied us; give place, or still better, down, and be ye, also, crushed! Let the *Enfans Perdus* of the devil solve you this riddle of rooting out religion and order with red-handed Revolution!" Truly, the world is far more debased by its modern Infidel Philosophy, than by the worst Heathen Philosophy of old. Thought and language now conceive and give expression to ideas of impiety hitherto unknown. Human nature itself seems to have deteriorated. Contrast the dealings of both with Christianity, against which each has waged bitter war. Heathen Philosophy was decorous enough, in choosing idols for false worship, to select images that at least were lifeless. Infidel Philosophy invents the revolting abomination of adoring a living goddess of reason. Heathen Philosophy made some philanthropic efforts to dissuade the death-courting Christians from going

to their doom. Infidel Philosophy erects a tribunal of reckless extermination, and makes it part of the duty of a good citizen, not only to be present at the ceaseless executions, but to greet the victims of the guillotine with pitiless ribaldry, and to deride them even in death.

Again "The harvest of the Lord was watered with the blood of the saints." Rich, generous blood was shed most abundantly on the soil of France; but in all lands the Church was in deadly distress; the Chair of S. Peter was threatened, and the thrones of Europe were shaken.

The sufferings of a Pope again became the salvation of Christendom. In 1798 the Directory resolved to put a complete end to the Papacy. The aged and venerable Pope was to be brought a prisoner to France, the Cardinals were to be compelled to resign their dignities, and thus the election of a new Pope, it was thought, would be utterly prevented.

Pius VI., ever persecuted and ever patient, had not been Pope for twenty-three years of sorrow without gaining a knowledge of the designs of God. When the decree of exile was made known to him, he turned to Father Marotti, and thus invited him to share his captivity: "Have you courage enough to go with us to Calvary?" The venerable old man, at the age of eighty, became an exile and captive most joyfully; for he knew the power of persecuted Popes, and that he was led forth from The City to die.

When he arrived at Siena in his painful pilgrim-

age, he cheerfully exclaimed to Marquis Manfredini :
“ Our misfortunes begin to make us believe that we are not utterly unworthy to be the Vicar of Christ and Successor of S. Peter. The position in which you see us recalls the primitive ages of the Church—the years of its triumph ! ” At last he reached France, and there lingered a few months in close captivity. Then came the end. Arrayed in pontifical vestments, he was supported to the balcony of the apartment where he was confined. He showed himself to the people, in sonorous voice cried aloud : “ *Ecce Homo*—Behold the Man ! ” and affectionately gave his last benediction. . . . “ Jesus saith to Simon Peter : Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these ? He saith to him : Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him : Feed my lambs. He saith to him again : Simon, son of John, lovest thou me ? Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith to him : Feed my lambs. He said to him, the third time : Simon, son of John, lovest thou me ? Peter was grieved because he had said to him, the third time, lovest thou me ? And he said to him : Lord, thou knowest all things : thou knowest that I love thee. He said to him : Feed my sheep. Amen, Amen I say to thee : When thou wast younger, thou didst gird thyself, and didst walk where thou wouldst. *But when thou shalt be old, thou shall stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and lead thee whither thou wouldst not. And this he said signifying by what death he should glorify God. And when he had said this he saith to him : Follow me.* ” John xxi.

These Divine words, and the crucifixion of S. Peter

on the Vatican, explain to us the meaning of the death-scene of Pius VI. at Valence, and his loud cry, "*Ecce Homo!*"

That pathetic appeal awoke the sleeping spirit of Pepin and Charlemagne. The presence of Pius VI. in France was like the visit of Pope Zachary. One man was there, marked by nature, and already announced by his achievements, as destined to some great mission. The First Consul of France was clearly designated to the office of her former rulers—the defence of the Holy See. The dying voice of Pius VI. had invoked assistance for the Church. The aid so solemnly called for was rendered to his successor Pius VII. Bonaparte restored liberty to the Catholic faith in France, and promised help and obedience to the Holy See.

It is strange that he so little realised the true cause of his extraordinary elevation. He might have recognised that he was consecrated emperor by a Pope, to fulfil the Divine designs of God, not the ambitious dreams of man. But Napoleon I. was not fixed in religious principle, and therefore wavered in his conduct; at one time he acted as the eldest son of the Church whom she had gratefully adopted, at another time as the despot who, in consequence of revolution, had mounted an usurped throne. Good and evil in turns agitated the spirit of the conqueror; and he, who with a Pope's blessing had subdued the Revolution—who for pastime undertook the conquest of the world—could not win the victory over self.

The ruin of this great man dates from the mournful

day on which he manifested his resolve to be the despot of the Church as well as her eldest son. Strangely enough, the country was Protestant in whose behalf the Pope braved a Catholic emperor's wrath. Napoleon required the concurrence of Pius VII. in his designs against sturdy England. The demand was an insult to the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff, and an offence against the Holy Father. England at that time was acting fairly towards the Holy See, was, indeed, almost friendly and courteous in her relations with Rome. Moreover, the Pope is the head of the religion of peace, and proclaims war only in cases of strict self-defence, as when he drives out thieves from the house of prayer; therefore Pius VII. firmly refused to injure, at the bidding of the French emperor, the country which had gained his blessing as the harbour of the harbourless, the refuge of the exiled priests of France. The thwarted emperor was furious. Forthwith Pius was declared deposed, was transferred to a French prison, whilst Napoleon's little son was created King of Rome—a fatal fault. The eagle was never to return and drive the dove from her altar-nest. The emperor brought upon himself excommunication; England was befriended; and, in consequence, that Pope-defended nation had soon the satisfaction of conducting Napoleon to his prison, and the honour of restoring Pius to his throne.

God has promised His Church: "The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee, shall perish" (Isaias lx.); the Pope but pronounced Divine sentence, when his voice caused the muskets to drop

from the hands of the French soldiers, and the sceptre from the grasp of their sovereign, "As thou hast done, so shall it be done to thee!"

We approach, at last, our own times, and we find that the present conflict of the Church differs in nothing from those we have described.

Had Napoleon I. proved faithful to his high vocation and attentive to the counsels of the Holy See, it is probable that Europe would have heard no more of the Revolution. Revolution reappeared, and made greater exertions to benefit by his downfall than any of the monarchies regained by their former owners. It was, therefore, reconstituted more quickly than they, and in a stronger shape, and with wider range. It secured some sort of footing in every government, and placed its trained pupils in advantageous posts for working mischief. Thus, Revolution corrupted cabinets with statesmen like Cavour, and the masses with demagogues like Mazzini. Of Cavour and Mazzini it has always had an abundant supply, but it has never had more than one Garibaldi. This may, perhaps, account for all the care taken by himself and others to prolong his days. Be it so. That man must be useful to Revolution, who has converted the French red cap of liberty into the Italian red shirt of ruffianism, who has brought back to unhappy Italy such a night as Revolution loves. Who but a Garibaldi could do, or see done, the dark deeds suggested to him and his comrades by that arch-coward who lurks in London composing proclamations? It must be the night of Revolution, when everywhere conspirators

and assassin desperadoes are at work ; darkness and blood constituting the necessities for the enjoyments of Revolutionists, as well as of wild beasts.

But together with this disastrous second Revolution, another Pius reappeared. His prophetic name prepared the Pope for the exile he bore so meekly, for the weary persecutions and spoliations he has since so patiently endured. During more than twenty years has this successor of S. Peter been made a spectacle to men and angels, the sublime sufferer who has saved humanity.

The unchristian civilization of our nineteenth century has developed suicidal tendencies towards the worst of all barbarisms,—that in which society submits to the rule of mere material force, with no superstitions, and with unrivalled hatred for Catholicity. And on the surface of this second Revolution another Napoleon also appears. If sent to retrieve the fault of the First, the present Napoleon has been losing precious years. Revolution and Napoleon III. have been face to face, and the emperor at last has read signs that he dares not disregard. He sees that, alone and unaided, not even the empire can afford to despise Revolution, and that he must seek safety for himself, whilst offering his aid to the feeble and harmless old man, who has set Revolution at naught by the very singleness of his purpose, and by his readiness to suffer without asking. For how long? The emperor has wisely judged that the Revolution can only be vanquished by the Sovereign Pontiff, and those who rally round the holy banner of Pius IX. The Pope

had already restored to him the sword of Charlemagne, forfeited by the impiety of the founder of his dynasty. But the hand can do little with the sword if it too often holds the pen. The sword is the weapon of the heart, and the heart grows weak if the head ponders perpetually and still decides nothing.¹ Now, however, it is at last proclaimed, that to keep the sword of Charlemagne bright and untarnished, to wield it fearlessly in defence of the Sovereign Pontiffs is the proudest privilege of France. And the emperor therefore stands prepared to use it effectually ere he restores it to the scabbard. He will use it, and use it thoroughly, on the still unconquered Revolution, and he will pursue the advantages afforded by the victory of Mentana. He will chase into final obscurity, in spite of the shrieks of indignant England, her hero Garibaldi, and free the Holy Father for ever from so ruffianly a foe. And he will very likely also severely chastise the red-shirt's royal accomplice.

With his cry: "Rome the capital of an Italian Republic," with his appeals to an unprincipled monarch for assistance in his revolutionary raids—with the readiness of Victor Emmanuel to play the part of Barbarossa, and be the recipient of the booty and plunder, and with the fearless eloquence of that illustrious French prelate, Monsignor Dupanloup, who, like S. Bernard, denounces the miscreant enemy of Rome — may not this Garibaldi be described as the modern Arnold of Brescia? the comparison fails only in this, that it does injustice to the Revolutionist of former ages. For Arnold

¹ See Postscript.

had the courage to go to Rome, and to die at Rome, whereas the nineteenth century hero, as we are told by General Kanzler, did not once expose his own life when the band of youthful Zouaves met the invaders whom he commanded in battle at Mentana. Arnold of Brescia, moreover, was no hypocrite; he was not one to salute the Romans with addresses of fraternisation in public, and in private to promise to the bands, whom he was bringing to them as brothers and deliverers, three days of pillage in the Eternal City,—nor was Arnold one to hold out one hand to Rome's inhabitants with words of friendship, and use the other to lay trains of gunpowder amongst the foundations of their dwellings. O Englishmen, who urged on this Garibaldi; O Englishwomen, who gave to him the honours of the brave, is he then allowed to undermine the Eternal City, without the faintest word of horror on your part? Have you no word of condemnation for this last project of the Liberator of Italy, the would-be deliverer of Rome? Because the Romans remain loyal to their Sovereign and disappoint the schemes of the arch-revolutionist, will you, too, sanction this unutterable woe? They refuse to rise—then, churches of God, shrines of saints, the sick and wounded, kneelers in the houses of prayer, women and children—yes, little children—all must perish, with the startling crash of resounding ruin, and with the wild wail of so many sent from life, unsuspecting, unprepared! Ah! Bourbon's Lutheran sack was clemency compared to Garibaldi's dastardly schemes of deliverance! This cruel blasphemer has dared to

call a Pope the vampire of Italy, and Rome its plague spot—then, he is like to Arnold only in this—that he, too, has cursed his Father and his Mother—he, too, will die the death!¹

It is evident that we must attribute to the lingering spirit of the Protestant Reformation all the sympathy, so defiant of good taste and principle, displayed in this country towards the Italian revolutionists. The same spirit manifested itself in the mortification and distress at their recent defeat felt by those who helped the expedition against Rome with pecuniary assistance. A suspicious want of success had for some time been seriously detrimental to the character of Liberator Garibaldi, and therefore it was not the loss of his personal prestige that afflicted his English sympathisers. Rather, it must be held that the traditional and Catholic intervention of France roused the ire of Protestant England; and at the joy we Catholics have not cared to conceal for the victory of the Papal Zouaves she is displeased and angry. But, briefly, will it not be better that Revolution should come hither, a beaten fugitive from France, seeking refuge which will be given, but guardedly, and with due vigilance, than that it should come in throne-upsetting force? And why be angry, if we rejoice a little with our Holy Father, after years of common grief? A bad conscience, my dear Country, shows itself in this agitation. Ah! all those lies from abroad, sneers and

¹ Kept like a prisoner by the Italian Government on the island of Caprera, he died there, impenitent to the last, disdaining the sacraments which Victor Emmanuel was thankful to receive.

blasphemies at home—all that aid and encouragement, and that partaking by your silent approval in red-shirt atrocities—tempt me to write bitter words. But I forbear, for the sake of that one fair English boy, who has atoned for all, by giving, in expiation, that which outweighed all, the sweet sacrifice of his innocent young life in the battle of Mentana. The harvest in England will be watered “with the blood of martyrs,” blood shed at Rome and for Rome, ennobled, therefore, and enriched with the life and grace of Rome, and working conversions here in England—God bless thee, Julius Watts Russell! When last we saw thee, thou wert but a child, delighting to play in S. Philip’s house and garden, and now, with glorious palm, thou art already a stately martyr amidst the white-robed host of paradise!

And was this defeat of the Garibaldian invasion a Victory of Rome? Emphatically, yes. Castelfidardo itself was victory, much more has the recent campaign of the little Pontifical army been victory. Monte Libretti, Bagnorea, Nerola, Monte Rotondo, and Mentana will be names spoken, ere the Day of Judgment, in every language under heaven. The brilliant bravery of all—Roman, Antibeian, Zouave—will give courage to all who have to fight the good fight throughout the world. And it will stand recorded that, after years spent by statesmen, with all the resources of diplomacy at command, a few brave youths have solved a thousand difficulties, and have restored meaning to the words—honesty, courage, fidelity. Men will record the strange and glorious

fact that, though numbers of the Zouaves died, not one of the young lions was taken prisoner, and women will relate instances of the charity of these chivalrous Catholics towards their wounded foemen. Truly, they are sons of a Holy Father, "whose power is patience, whose majesty is endurance" (Faber). He has, indeed, planted in tears, tears to the end, fast-falling at the Requiem services for his young defenders. The world has still need to fear the tears of a Pope. Like S. Leo, he has saved Rome. He has seen the period of the Reformation drawing to its close, and, as usual, ending with the triumph of the Church. Revolution may possibly make a last expiring effort; but, if suffering was predicted to the Sovereign Pontiff, in his name of Pius, victory also is promised to it, and victory is attached to his cross—IN HOC SIGNO VINCES. Others will reap in gladness, what he has sown in sorrow. The Victory is his.

And of Rome, so often in past ages agitated and turbulent, the very spoilt child of prosperity in old times, what shall we now say of her and her inhabitants, who have been so loyal, so incorruptible, so gentle in their patience? Rome is the Heart, as well as the Head, of the whole Christian world. "Incline, O my God, thy ear, and hear; open thy eyes and see our desolation, *and the city upon which thy name is called*, for it is not for our justifications that we present our prayers before thy face, but for the multitude of thy tender mercies" (Dan. ix. 18).

And we Catholics in England—one of Religion's

remote regions, and far distant from the actual scene of strife—we are, at least, to be greatly pitied. Like a lonely outpost in the Indian territory of America, like a handful of soldiers left during the long winter far away in some solitary fortress of the frozen north—we, in this cold land of indifference and error, have a difficult, cheerless duty to perform. In truth, we do partake in the campaign, and are exposed to one of its greatest perils—difficulty of correspondence with a distant centre, and consequent decay of fervour or loyalty. What would soldiers do in this case? How do they wile away the tedious hours of their watch and guard? They talk of that which, though distant, is dear to them. By their very absence from home and country, they are driven to speak of them. The very contrast aids, as it prompts, their effort. The affections of the heart feast again and again upon the same home tales, how oft-soever told. And so must we again and again speak of Rome, her Victories, her Popes, her beautiful S. Peter's, S. Maria Maggiore, and Chiesa Nuova. As in distant countries the exile speaks of his native land,—as in India, on the hot march, our thirst-parched soldiers speak of the springs, and streams, and winter snow at home—or even as Guillemin, the noble Zouave, during the long months of his outpost work in the villages of the Campagna, bore bravely that tedious martyrdom of melancholy by murmuring thy name, O Rome!—“So we, by the rivers of Babylon, have sat and wept when we remembered Sion. On the willows in the midst thereof we hung our harps. How shall we

sing the song of the Lord in a strange land? . . . If I forget thee, O ROME, let my right hand be forgotten; let my tongue cleave to my jaws if I do not remember thee, if I make not ROME the beginning of my joy."

POSTSCRIPT, TWENTY-SIX YEARS LATER.

THE vacillations of Napoleon III. account for the guarded language used about him in the Lecture. What he ought to do was plain, what he would do was uncertain. His withdrawal of the French troops from Rome in 1870 was a grave dereliction of duty, a betrayal of the Holy Father, a dishonour to France, a concession to the Revolution, a wrong to all Catholic nations throughout the world. Disasters, which may well be considered retributive in character, overwhelmed him and his dynasty. France shared in his misfortune, and made the poor Emperor's fault completely her own when she finally abandoned the Prisoner of the Vatican to his enemies. She had left one little ship to bear away the Pope from captivity or violence, should he decide to "flee from city to city." At length even this service was withdrawn: the vessel weighed anchor in 1874. Since then, the unceasing prayer of the whole Church has been the only earthly resource of the Sovereign Pontiffs.

In the first month of the year 1878 King Victor Emmanuel died, in the following month Pius IX. exchanged his prison for Paradise. The Pope had pardoned his persecutor, and had done his utmost that the King should receive the last sacraments

and receive them worthily. The wicked ceased from tumult, and the weary was at rest. All else remained unchanged. Another Prisoner took the place of Pius in the Vatican, another usurper dwelt in the Quirinal. A few years before, two parents presented their child to Pius IX. of saintly memory, for his blessing, on the eve of their departure from Rome. The Holy Father said to them: "You are both young; for you, life will be long in passing. But, without deceiving myself, I believe it is the last time you will see me. Perhaps you will not come to Rome for a long time: then, remember me, and what I am about to say to you; repeat it often to this little child, as soon as he is able to understand you. . . . Impress profoundly on his memory the recollection of this man now before him, clothed in white. And whatever may happen to myself, who am in fact nothing, depend upon it that here, in this very place where I am standing, when the child, having become old, shall one day return with his sons and grandsons, depend upon it that he will find here, even in the same place, another man like myself clothed in white."¹ Where stood the saintly Pius, now stands the saintly Leo. The world may mock and deride, but will not persuade the faithful that the Head of the Church has been constantly for the last twenty-three years asserting an untruth. He it is, to whom we can apply fully the words of the Lord: "My spirit that is in thee, and my words that I have put in thy

¹ From that excellent and accurate little book, *Rome and her Captors*, with the very kind permission of F. M. R. Wegg-Prosser, Esq., the translator.

mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, from henceforth and for ever, saith the Lord" (Isaias lix. 21). The prediction of Pius is accomplished; and "the unworthy restraints" with which he was afflicted have not been withdrawn from his majestic Successor. Leo XIII. has celebrated his Episcopal Jubilee in prison. The pilgrims from every land who flocked to the feet of the Holy Father professed the faith and devotion of the whole Church, and appeared before him in reparation of the sacrilegious wrongs done to the Vicar of Christ. They will be among those to whom Christ will say: "I was in prison, and you came to me".

A third edition of the *Victories of Rome* has long been asked for; but until now the writer believed that the pamphlet was no longer likely to be useful, while facts were speaking so plainly day after day in Rome. However, the facts—distressing and disgraceful facts—which take place in Rome, are continually misrepresented and misinterpreted in London. It seems as necessary to protest now as in 1867, since a leading journal like the *Daily News* counts on the following ungenerous and unfair article finding acceptance with its readers:

"ENGLISH ROMAN CATHOLICS AND THE POPE.

"The Roman Catholics of England who recently went in pilgrimage to Rome to celebrate the Episcopal Jubilee have circulated a copy of their address to the Pope. It breathes devotion, and, as it should do, it recognises the piety and the virtues of Leo XIII.

But of course it does not keep quite free from controversial matters. The reference to the persecutions of Roman Catholics under Elizabeth and her successors might well have been omitted. It would not be difficult to find historical parallels on the other side. Nor are the two absolutely equal in wrong-headedness, since greater responsibility always attaches to the party that sets the example. But these are bygones, or they should be, and one can hardly commend the taste or judgment of an address which compels any human being to recall them. Perhaps they are only mentioned, in the present instance, to give greater relief to the testimony of the pilgrims to the liberties they now enjoy throughout the Empire. That testimony fairly represents the opinion of Roman Catholic England, since the address received between three and four hundred thousand signatures. It would be well if all subject of controversy ended here, but it does not. The pilgrims 'grieve to notice that the rights of the Holy See are still violated,' and that the personal liberty of the Pope 'is still subject to unworthy restraint.' They also express their readiness to do anything in their power to 'help to remedy these evils.' This is hardly fair to Italy. The personal liberty of the Pope is surely proved beyond doubt by the fact that he found no difficulty in receiving an address of this kind in the Italian capital. The address must have been highly disagreeable to the Italian Government, yet not a soldier or a policeman interfered between the pilgrims and their pastor. A prisoner who enjoys these privileges in the very seat of his captivity can hardly appeal to the commiseration

tion of the world. The Roman Catholics have done perfectly right in presenting the address, since it represents their views, but they have spoiled their case. The Pope is as free as the freest of his predecessors, or the pilgrims could never have walked through two lines of Italian soldiers to lay this curious paper at his feet."

The newspaper, which is the chief organ of the political party at present in power, writes in the spirit and style of Continental Liberals. This is deplorable. It is deplorable that the name of Liberal must be given in its Continental rather than its English meaning to this utterance of the *Daily News* on the present great occasion. The assertion is just such an one as might be made by the organs of the Secret Societies.

The *Daily News* does not venture to traverse the first statement of the address, that "the rights of the Holy See are still violated." Every thief, every robber knows by the light of his own reason that he is doing wrong when he takes away by fraud or violence that which is possessed by his neighbour. And the *Daily News* would not deliberately encourage disregard of the law of Nature, even though it were unwilling to let Revealed Religion speak. So the *Daily News* tries to disprove the second statement, and to show that "the Pope is as free as the freest of his predecessors." And the proof adduced is, that the pilgrims were allowed to reach the Pope's presence and there utter words so unpleasing to the Italian Government! As well might the *Daily News* tell us that those detained

in her Majesty's prisons are *free*, because, forsooth, their relatives are permitted at certain intervals to visit them.

Now, the studied moderation of language, the caution observed in the allusion to the wrongs of the Holy See prove how careful they were who drew up the address presented to the Holy Father by the English pilgrims. Leo XIII. has deigned to accept it. His condescension has filled us who signed with consolation, and his prudence, which even his enemies admit and admire, might have made others hesitate to blame what the Pope has sanctioned.

The present writer considers that he may well add a chapter to his essay of former years, and thereby perhaps fulfil in some slight degree our accepted pledge to "help to remedy these evils."

What is written in these pages has been suggested or confirmed by the following works: *Il Trionfo della Santa Sede e della Chiesa contra gli assalti dei Novatori*, by Gregory XVI.; *El Papa en todos los tiempos*, by Gonzalez; *The Roman Pontiffs*, by De Montor; Maguire's *History of Pius the Ninth*; D'Idville's *Rome and her Captors*; the *Civiltà Cattolica*; the *Tablet's Roman Correspondence*; the *Weekly Register*.

Feast of S. Joseph, Patron of the Church, 1893.

THE TEMPORAL POWER.

IN 1799, while the Sovereign Pontiff Pius VI. was a dying captive at Valence, a book was published at Rome, entitled "*The Triumph of the Holy See.*"¹ The preface of this work, written at such a time, with such a title, began thus: "When the good mourn for the desolation of the Sanctuary, for pastors dishonoured, plundered, dispersed, when the Sovereign Pontiff is in exile, a Captive, mocked, and delivered, it would seem, by God Himself to be the sport of pitiless persecutors—in a word, at the moment when the Apostolic See appears tottering, and the Church groans beneath the weight of the captivity, it may seem strange and even rash that I should dare to exhibit this same Church and this Apostolic See triumphant over their enemies. Yet, so it is. Never since the ages of barbarism have they shone forth more gloriously than now when the gates of hell have vainly exhausted their forces against both, showing to consoled Catholics that 'it is easier to extinguish the sun than destroy the Church.' There is triumph in the tranquil firmness of the Head of the Church, the immortal Pius, dragged from his bed of sickness into exile, yet intrepid and dauntless, animating the bishops of the Church by word and example to heroic

¹ *Il Trionfo della Santa Sede.* It suggested the title, *Victories of Rome.*

constancy. There is triumph in the exposure of the perverse designs against the prerogatives of his primacy, of the secret purposes of Jansenism—identical with those of the innovators of Pistoja, held long before by the patriarchs of the Sect. Judging the moment favourable, they are come forth under the standard of insubordination and licence to make their own attack upon the Apostolic Chair: but they reveal too plainly that they would destroy Chair and Church and all legitimate authority. And how can the prerogatives of the Head of the Church be better maintained than by thus summoning the entire universe to behold with amazement, on the one hand, irreligion struggling with the fury of despair to destroy the privileges of the Church and the Holy See, and at the same time rid the world of the Pope whose glory they are, and, on the other hand, God Himself—whose almighty providence seems to exert itself more and more to surround them with lustre and veneration, and who, by a prolonged miracle, protects and preserves the imperilled and well-nigh extinct life of His Vicar? And amongst the primatial prerogatives, which is it that shines forth the brightest? Is it not his Infallibility?" These prophetic words were written by a young Priest of Rome, who was himself afterwards raised to the Chair of S. Peter, taking the name of Gregory XVI.

The very day of the Coronation of Gregory, the Carbonari attacked the Temporal Power by an insurrection in the provinces and a conspiracy in Rome itself. With the help of Austria, the disturbance was soon quelled. Other enemies there doubtless

were, but the Congress of Vienna had frustrated their schemes, and the sight of the soldiers of Protestant England doing duty in Rome as body-guard¹ to the Pope was not forgotten; and so they dared not have recourse to open violence till our own days. The warning last words of the Blessed Sebastian Valfré, addressed in 1710, to Victor Amadeus who visited his death-bed, denounce the chief enemy: . . . "May your Highness be mindful to be ever in concord and unity with the Supreme Pontiff, the Vicar of Jesus Christ, if you wish that God may prosper yourself, your royal family and your state." The son of the Apostle of Rome foresaw the ambition of that family and its hostility to Rome, and "Saint Philip of Turin," who is now with Saint Philip of Rome in the City of God on high, spoke the first of those millions of protests against the Sardinian Government in behalf of the Temporal Power, heard by God but too little heeded by man.

The older the world, the wiser it ought to become, and the longer its governments last, the better they ought to be; but, unfortunately, time has brought only the decrepitude of decay, the feebleness of wasted existence; instead of wisdom and goodness, instead of Faith, cheerless despair will embitter the old age of the world until the end shall come. No wonder that such a world's governments do not last! Empires and kingdoms, ancient and modern, Roman, German, French, are gone, melted away, destroyed from within or from without. It is due to the efforts

¹ The 12th Royal Lancers, sent by George III.

of pitying Religion that the remnants have been held together : for Religion ceases not to appeal to man's conscience, and encourages communities to begin anew, while ever inculcating the often-distasteful duty of "obeying the powers that be."

It can scarcely be said that the governments of the world deserve such help. They have been on trial, and have proved themselves weak and wanting, deficient in that which alone could secure their welfare. Those who know not how to obey can never hope to be able to rule, and for a long time the various governments in Christendom have refused obedience to the Church of Christ. Year by year we witness the fulfilment of the prophecy : "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish."

Yes, there has been and there still exists a Kingdom of kingdoms belonging to the King of kings—a government which continues, unchanged, unaltered in its essential character. Time, experience, human learning, discoveries, inventions change it not, alter it not, improve it not. It requires no improvement, it admits of none: for it is one of the Divine works, and these from first to last are perfect. The Kingdom of Christ and the government of that Kingdom by Christ's Vicar were planned and determined by Divine Wisdom, by God Himself, and like God they are immutable. We are told that the Chair of Saint Peter and the Papacy are antiquated. Undoubtedly, they are. They belong to the days of the Gospel: they begin, then, in Peter—and throughout the universe there are still to be heard, as clear now as then, those two Voices—the Infallible Voice saying: Thou

art Christ, the Son of the living God: and the Divine Voice answering: Thou art Peter, and on this Rock I will build My Church. God Himself governed His Chosen People, and faithful Prophets declared His will to the children of Israel. "Behold, I have appointed thee the god of Pharaoh," was said to Moses. Less would not be granted to the Kingdom of Grace, established by Him on whose garment and thigh is written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. The Monarchy of Jesus Christ will last for ever. Human kingdoms may fall, may vary—"as a vesture Thou shalt change them, and they shall be changed"—but man shall change God's method of lighting the universe as soon as change the Church, of *that* Kingdom NON ERIT FINIS—THERE SHALL BE NO END.

The Wise Men, the Three Kings, showed truest wisdom when they asked: "Where is He who is born King of the Jews?" For, Christ was royal by birth, by human descent from the Virgin Mother who gave Him birth in the city of David. Though He ascended not the throne of David, that throne was really His by the title of inheritance. Christ is also King, in virtue of the Hypostatic Union. In the eternal decree of that Union, He is anointed with Divinity, and "appointed King," King over both orders, the spiritual and material, the angelic and human. All creation had groaned for His coming who was to wear the crown of all creation. "All power is given Me in heaven and on earth." He is also Priest according to the Order of Melchisedec—King and Priest at once, the Great High Pontiff-King. By popular acclamation He would not be

King. When He fed the multitude, and "they came to make Him king," He fled away; when they strewed palm branches and garments, and cried out: "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord," He wept. But, by His sufferings, His purple garment, His Crown of thorns, His reed-sceptre; by His Passion and Death upon the Cross He won a crown, and reigned from the empurpled Wood—"Therefore did God exalt Him, and give Him a name above every name."

And in like manner, we say that the Bride of the Lamb, the Mystical Body of Christ, the Church is royal. Espoused to this King, she is a Queen. As the moon, she rules this night; He, Sun of Justice, rules the Eternal Day. She is Queen by birth. She is Porphyrogenita, born in the purple tide which issued from the Opened Side of the New Adam, to be the Mother of all the living. She is Queen by grace; being one with Him in mystical marriage, she is His Body. These Two, also, are One; and the wife must share the husband's rank, regal though it be. In the world are the two orders, the spiritual and the temporal, the first far surpassing the second, but the second also ennobled by union with the first. So; when kings became her children, the Church assumed, though reluctantly, the robes of royalty, and the insignia of her rank. Where is the Crown of the Church to be placed? Where, but on the Head of the Church? Therefore is the mitre of the Bishop of Rome encircled with the triple crown; and the Tiara shows who is our Melchisedec, our Pontiff-King.

Where is the Kingdom of the Church? World-

wide, yet of no vast territorial extent. All honour to Constantine! His Christian instinct led Him to resign to the Church that Rome, which she had won by suffering, which was enriched with purple more precious than the imperial purple, which was acquired and consecrated by the great Apostles' "Glorious blood."

Thus, kings became her foster-fathers, and she in turn formed new kingdoms around her. But, she has ever remembered the words of the King of kings, "My kingdom is not of this world"; and, whatever opportunities were offered to her, she took no advantage of them. Universal empire might, again and again, have been attained, and without a blow, but—Peter's Pence was what Peter took. There has been in her royalty a self-imposed, abiding feebleness, which has been the glory of her Temporal Dominion. She chose never to provoke earthly jealousy, never to dim earthly splendours; and, being the mother of kings, she has trusted to her beauty, her prerogatives, to the religion, the chivalry of Christians, and, till these last hundred years, has not trusted in vain. Of course there have been troubles and trials. "It must needs be that scandals come." It is a trouble and a trial to keep safe even the Poor-boxes in our churches; but we are not therefore allowed to be without them, or unfaithful in guarding them.

Is there then no prospect that the Church will consent to part with the Temporal Power? There is no prospect. The unmolested possession of her Temporal Power is proof to the world that the Church and her Supreme Head on earth enjoy that sovereign

“freedom with which Christ has made us free.” She has this liberty as a right inherent in her spiritual power and as an integral part of her territorial independence. She claims to be free by Divine Right. Her exercise of liberty is not an accorded privilege, set aside for her service by the civil power, just so long and so far as the civil power may please. This may do for the Church of England, but not for the Church of Rome, “which is our Mother.” The Church must be free, as Lacordaire so eloquently affirms, free in teaching truth, free in dispensing grace, free in inculcating virtue.¹

She must be free in teaching truth—therefore, free to speak. Like the word of God, her infallible words must not be bound. Badly would truth fare, were truth left to the mercies of Pilates, Cæsars, kings and governments! It is not for a minister of public worship to correct the decrees of a Council, the definitions of a Pope.

She must be free in dispensing grace, in her sacramental ministrations. The civil power is neither source nor channel of sanctifying grace, as are the Sacraments of the Church. They are hers, and they must be free. Her marriages are not to be impeded, her churches are not to be desecrated, her altars profaned, her shrines plundered, her ministers persecuted, her services mutilated. The Church of England may permit an Edward to arrange her liturgy, a James to authorise her version of the Bible—not so the Church of Rome, which is our Mother.

¹ Sixieme Conference.

She must be free in inculcating virtue. The practice of virtue is the right and duty of every man. And, who shall dare to interfere, when she, the appointed Teacher of all nations, points out to mankind the way of virtue, teaches man the excellence of Poverty, Chastity, Obedience,—tells him his duty to God, his neighbour and himself? Is she to consent to be thrust aside, to agree to her sons being prevented from giving themselves to the service of her altars, her children from dedicating themselves to the practice of the Evangelical Counsels? Not so the Church of Rome, which is our Mother. Liberty is her right; and she claims complete, supreme liberty; therefore she refuses to be deprived of her regal rank, her sovereign independence, without which the Vicar of Christ might be expected by Englishmen to sink down into the likeness of an Anglican Archbishop, to accept the situation of an ecclesiastical hireling of the State, to dwindle into the insignificance of a president of some Wesleyan Conference!

But, as I am opposing the views, and perhaps the hopes, of many of my Protestant fellow-countrymen, it will be well for me to place before them stronger words than mine, and the better arranged argument of one whose History is read by them without suspicion or cavil, one to whom they listen without that animus of *prejudice* which makes it so difficult for English Protestants to be fair and impartial in discussing the wrongs of a Pope, however much they may esteem and reverence his personal worth, as I am happy to know they do respect and admire our Holy Father Leo XIII. Now, in 1849, Thiers spoke in the French

Republican Assembly the following words: "Catholic unity, which requires a certain religious submission on the part of Christian nations, would be unacceptable if the Pontiff, who is the Depository of it, were not completely independent: if, in the midst of the territory which *ages* have assigned to him, and in which all nations have maintained him, another sovereign, prince, or people, were to arise and dictate laws to him. *There can be no independence for the Pontificate but in sovereignty itself.* There is a primary interest which ought to silence all the particular interests of nations, as in the State public interest should always take precedence of private. It would authorise Catholic Powers to re-establish Pius IX. on his Pontifical throne." (Thiers, 13th Oct., 1849.) How calmly and how clearly does the great Historian agree to and prove the necessity of the Temporal Power!

But on the 20th of April in the same year, Pius IX. condescended to use even yet plainer language in explaining this necessity. "All know in fact that the faithful, nations, kingdoms, would never have full confidence, entire obedience to the Roman Pontiff, if they beheld him subject to the rule of a foreign prince or government, and deprived of his liberty. The faithful people and kingdoms would incessantly fear that the Pontiff would conform his acts to the will of the prince or State in whose domain he lived, and would raise this objection to his acts. Let the very enemies of the temporal power of the Apostolic See say with what confidence and respect they would receive the exhortations, advice, orders,

and decrees of the Sovereign Pontiff, if they beheld him subject to the will of a prince or government, especially if he was under the dependence of a power which had long been at war with the Pontifical authority." These words are in complete accordance with the candid and open character of the beloved Pío Nono.

They are also in complete harmony with the judgment and language of Napoleon I., spoken while he was First Consul: "The Pope is far from Paris, and that is well: he is not at Madrid, not at Vienna, and therefore we support his spiritual authority. At Vienna, at Madrid, they would say the same. Do you believe that, if he were at Paris, the Austrians and Spaniards would receive his decisions? It is very fortunate that he stays at old Rome, holding the balance between Catholic sovereigns, inclining always a little towards the strong, but promptly rising up if the strong should become an oppressor. The ages have done this, and they have done well. For the government of souls, it is the best and most beneficent arrangement, and I do not speak as a bigot, but as a reasonable man." As Emperor, Napoleon by his tyrannical oppression of Pius VI. disregarded and gainsaid every word that he had spoken as Consul.

In spite of all that was said in Conclave, Council, or Assembly, the Revolutionists took courage, and having gained a royal ally in the King of Sardinia, in 1859 they again attacked the Pontifical States, and the Sovereign Pontiff was despoiled of the greater part of his possessions. A French minister, speaking

of this deplorable event and its lesson, said: "In consequence of Austria's abandonment, the Pope lost Romagna. But this abandonment of the Pontifical territory brought no good fortune to Austria. Soon, beaten at Solferino, she was compelled to make peace." Lamoriciere, Pimodan, O'Reilly were names then added to the list of Christian heroes, for, with fearful odds—five thousand to twenty-five thousand—they fought at Castelfidardo for the Church, and some laid down their lives, and received the Crusaders' "Crown of life." Then was another name added to those of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel openly joined them, and began his unhappy career of sacrilegious robbery.

At Aspramonte the thieves quarrelled; the despot shot down the revolutionist, only because by so doing he averted and delayed the armed interposition of France on behalf of the Holy Father.

Next came Mentana. With bands largely composed of the king's soldiers in disguise, Garibaldi renewed his violence, but he left the actual fighting to his followers and fled disgracefully. The troops of the Holy Father defeated the Garibaldians, and the French contingent turned the discomfiture into a rout. General Kanzler and General de Polhès, in their official reports of the action, stigmatise the cowardly conduct of Garibaldi, who ran away when the battle began. The vanquished experienced the clemency of Pio Nono, who clothed them and sent them to their homes.

In August, 1870, the French garrison was ordered home, and left the Papal States. Its presence had

quieted all Catholic countries; its withdrawal decided the enemies of the Holy See to consummate their sacrileges by seizing Rome. As Austria had no good fortune at Solferino when she abandoned the Holy Father, so ten years later France felt the same disastrous consequences of her faithless weakness. Beaten by the Germans and disgraced by the Commune, she still does penance for forsaking the cause of the Church. The Sardinian Government tried to get up a revolution in Rome, and failed; to obtain signatures to petitions for annexation and deliverance from the Pope, and failed. No wonder! The subjects of the Holy Father had their own loyal feelings, and were not without intelligence, and they saw no great advantage in being made a part of that *One Italy*, whose unity was cemented with the blood of peasants in the south, whose Conscription drives five millions of her female inhabitants to work in the fields, whose taxation swallows up nearly half of the country's wealth and reaches the very mill-stones that grind the corn for their wretched bread. Then the plotters tried to cajole the Pope with promises, but failed; to introduce armed men into Rome and excite tumult, and failed. Lastly, they sent an army of 60,000 men, with artillery, to attack 9000, and batter down the walls whose antiquity alone ought to have been sufficient protection, and in this exploit, on the 20th of September, 1870, they succeeded. On the day before, the outraged Sovereign, who had been ceaselessly attacked for two-and-twenty years, addressed this letter to the Commander of his little army:—

“General, at the moment when a great sacrilege and an enormous injustice are about to be consummated, and the troops of a Catholic king, without provocation, nay, without the least appearance of any motive, surround and besiege the capital of the Christian world, I feel, in the first place, the necessity of thanking you, General, and the entire army for your generous conduct up to the present time, for the affection which you have shown to the Holy See, and for your willingness to consecrate yourselves entirely to the defence of this metropolis. Let these words be a solemn document to certify the discipline, the loyalty, and the valour of the army in the service of this Holy See.

“As far as regards the duration of the defence, I feel it my duty to command that this shall only consist in such a protest as shall testify to the violence done to us, and nothing more. In other words, that negotiation for surrender shall be opened, so soon as a breach shall have been made.

“At a moment in which the whole of Europe is mourning the numerous victims of the war now in progress between two great nations, never let it be said that the Vicar of Jesus Christ, however unjustly assailed, had to give his consent to a great shedding of blood. Our cause is the cause of God, and we put our whole defence in His hands.

“From my heart, General, I bless you and your whole army.

“PIUS PAPA IX.

“FROM THE VATICAN.”

On the next day, nearly four thousand of the vilest of both sexes were encouraged to enter Rome with the troops of him who had just subscribed himself the Holy Father's "most obedient, most devoted, most humble son!" The Eternal City, where millions go to weep and pray, was forthwith desecrated with murders, blasphemies, and the worst excesses of lawless vice. The King's officer in command, General Cadorna, permitted and let loose these abominations of desolation. At the same time, the present captivity of the Popes began in the palace of the Vatican. "While we were yet standing, our eyes failed, expecting help for us in vain, when we looked attentively towards a nation that was not able to save." Unhappy France, caught in the clutches of Revolution, was unable to return, to retrieve the past, and rescue the Holy Father from the hands of his enemies.

But let it not for a moment be thought that the Sovereign Pontiff has abdicated one of the rights of the Holy See. The Italians know this well. Their Prisoner is no pretender, but an actual sovereign on whom "unworthy restraints" are imposed by the would-be usurper. In the Seat of his Temporal Power, he stands at bay and bids his enemies depart: *Discedite a me omnes qui operamini iniquitatem.* Where stood Pius, there Leo stands. Now, let us listen to the voice of our Shepherd—to Peter, speaking through Leo.

In his first Allocution, soon after his coronation, he declared that "the Catholic Church, and especially this Apostolic See, despoiled by violence of

its temporal dominion, is brought to such a pass that it is absolutely unable to use its power in fulness, in liberty, and independence." (28th March, 1878.)

Next year, he spoke as follows: "The supreme authority of the Church divinely conferred on Peter and his Successors to maintain the whole family of Christ in the faith, and conduct it to eternal happiness, according to the Divine teaching of Jesus Christ Himself, ought to enjoy full and complete liberty. For the free exercise of this authority, Divine Providence disposed that, after the disastrous events of the first ages, temporal power should be accorded to the Church of Rome. And for many ages, amidst the changes of peoples and the falls of kingdoms, it possessed this power. This reason, and not the ambition to reign, not the lust of power, has determined the Sovereign Pontiffs, whenever they have seen their States disturbed and assailed, to deem it a duty to the Apostolic ministry to look to the maintenance and integrity of the sacred rights of the Church. We also, following the examples of our predecessors, cease not to affirm and reclaim these rights, and never will we cease to do so!" (22th February, 1879.)

Again: "Its adversaries say it is irreconcilable with Italy's welfare and the prosperity of the States. Tell them it is not so, and cannot be so, if the Roman Pontiffs are left in liberty. The Church raises no seditions, but checks and calms them—fosters not hatred and enmities, but extinguishes them by charity—excites not unbridled cupidity and arrogance of empire, but, rather, tempers them with

the thought of the rigour of the Last Judgment, and the example of the King of kings. She aspires not to govern States, but faithfully exercising the power and magistracy divinely confided to her, she preserves intact the principles of truth and justice on which all order reposes, by which flourish all peace, honour, and civilization.

“As for the peoples of Italy, monuments record how well the Roman Pontiffs deserve of this Holy City and all Italy. They attest that the noble, sovereign splendour with which Rome shines comes from the Catholic religion. According to S. Leo, great Rome became the See of Peter, and thereby the Capital of the whole world. Through the religion of Christ, her empire extends further than through terrestrial domination.

“Proclaim that the public affairs of Italy can never prosper, nor be based on a sure foundation, until, as all rights exact, the dignity of the Holy See and the liberty of the Supreme Pontiff are provided for.” (22nd February, 1879.)

“It is not, as is falsely and foolishly said, that the Papacy is the enemy of Italy. Every day it becomes plainer that there is no single good in the religious, moral, political, social, domestic order irreconcilable with the Papacy. It is not, as they hypocritically pretend, to relieve the Church and the Pontificate from the wearisome load of earthly cares—a derisive mockery in the mouth of those who strove and still strive to thwart the Church in her spiritual and divine mission! The real end is to strike the Church and her Head by robbing her of that which forms the

safety of her liberty, the unillusory guarantee of her independence. . . . We appeal to the help of Christians, the Queen of the most Holy Rosary. Filled with sweetest hopes, we lift up hearts and hands to Mary of the Rosary,—though the recreant world laughs, and mocks with blasphemous and sacrilegious tongue.” (To the Italian Pilgrims, 7th December, 1883.)

Finally, after ten years, the same kind Father, “clothed in white,” in the same place, a Prisoner still, pathetically addresses the latest pilgrimage of his dear Italians.

“BELOVED CHILDREN,

“Among the happy solemnities of these days, one of our greatest joys and most desired has been that of your presence here, and of the thought that has brought you hither. Yesterday, in like manner, we received the voluntary homage of Italian citizens under the vaults of that vast temple which treasures the ashes of the Prince of the Apostles.

“It is well that this courteous devotion to their Pontiff should lead from time to time the pilgrims of the Peninsula to the tomb of the first Pope; for if this same sepulchre is the glorious fount of intellectual light and of indefeasible hope for the universal world, it is also the human beginning of those special bonds that unite the Italian family to the Papacy. Since, on the day in which the Eternal City inherited, with the mortal remains of Peter, this Apostolic See, all Italy was summoned to participate, in due measure,

in the mission and in the fortunes of the privileged City. This union with the Holy See, which brought to Italy a perfect treasure of benefits, which fecundated her genius, which safeguarded—when pusillanimity would have divided—the nation's dignity and independence, which exalted her in glory and greatness, which gave her for ages a primacy among the sister nations—this union is in itself indissoluble, for it is ordained of Heaven; albeit, in its effects it is disturbed by the work of man, and how grievously disturbed in the last thirty years you already know. A fatal policy, opposed to the providential designs maintained until then, places its glory in the entire and absolute repudiation of the past, putting conflict for harmony. Hence, infraction and destruction of the rights of the Holy See, insult to Catholic faith and institutions, laws invasive of the dominion of God. Now, a due regard to the conditions of altered times we have never forbidden.

“But that a Catholic country, a country so peculiarly privileged, should violently break with Divine institutions to which the designs of God had bound it, is an insensate act. It can lead to no good. For to this also is applicable the prohibition to man to put asunder that which God hath joined. It is certain that if men would truly attend to the real character of the Papacy, to its real history, to the number and value of the benefits which, even in the temporal order, it has in its gift for Italy, the number of its enemies would be greatly lessened, and the right road to take in this matter would become clear enough. But unfair suspicions and old prejudices

overpower good sense in many persons; and too many are the passions finding their profit in a warfare that ought never to have been begun, so injurious is it, and so unnatural.

“Meanwhile, since such is the condition of public affairs, it is the duty of good citizens to prevent, or at least to repair, as far as in them lies, the disasters resulting. Well do we know that priests and laymen alike have done well, spending themselves, as circumstances gave them opportunity, and spending their talent and their time, their zeal and their wealth, in fruitful and profitable labours. None the less, that the action of Catholics may correspond more nearly with the necessities of the day, we have judged it well to direct our word more particularly to the people of Italy, in order to give them more light and better courage. Let this same word of ours be the unalterable principle and starting-point of all thought and speculation, and also of all action. No discords, no weakness, above all no inaction! But, unity as to the end, and concord as to the means, mutual charity, resolute courage, indefeasible activity for good, docility to all lawful authority, and signally to that authority which is assigned by God to the Government of the Universal Church!

“Returning to your homes, you will take into your houses the blessing of your Pope. Bear witness, then, among your friends and your enemies alike that we are praying, with such prayers as for earnestness and for fervour have never been surpassed, for the welfare of this tract of European land to which we owe our birth. Bear witness that of all the things we

most longingly desire upon this earth, one and not the last is this—that all dissension being abolished by the influence of peace, it may be granted to us to gather all the children of the Peninsula close to this fatherly heart in the pressure of one single embrace. With this desire—this hope—in our soul, we give you, dearest children, our warmest thanks for the filial feeling you have here manifested for the comfort of these our latest days. We implore, in return, the mercy and the grace of God Omnipotent upon you here present, upon your families, your societies, upon all who take part in your work and share your spirit.” (24th February, 1893.)¹

It is then certain that the Church will not give up the Temporal Power, will remain a kingdom to the end. The unction of her Pontiffs will be ever regal as well as sacerdotal. The Vicars of Christ will be Kings, though nothing be left to prove it but the title on their Cross.

But, we are asked, is the Papal throne to be propped up with foreign bayonets, and a Pope-King to be forced on the unwilling inhabitants of Rome? In answer, it may be well to state, firstly, that of the nine thousand troops who laid down their arms when the Sardinians entered Rome six thousand were fighting for the land of their birth, and were the Pope's own subjects; the rest were Zouaves and volunteers from every land, who were received by the soldiers of the Holy Father as comrades in a crusade. Further, it may be remarked that the employment of

¹ From the beautiful account given by the *Weekly Register*, 25th February, 1893.

foreign troops or mercenaries was a practice by no means peculiar to the Papal Government. Formerly, all did it. Men used to go soldiering in those days, and got paid for it. People preferred—wisely, one might think—the paying of others to do their fighting to the miseries of Conscription. The presence of Scottish Guard, or Irish Brigade, or Swiss Guard, in foreign countries, was as much a matter of course as the presence in London of hundreds of German bakers, Belgian marble-masons, and even Italian navvies for the wooden pavement of our streets.¹ But, when foreign troops were permitted by the Popes to occupy Rome, it was principally as a defence against foreign States. Thus, in 1870, so soon as the French army of occupation was withdrawn—through intrigues too disgraceful to be owned—the troops of a neighbouring

¹ Not only in the past ; even in these days, the same sort of system is apparently found useful. At least, the following paragraph is from the *Daily News*, 6th March, 1893 :

“ The detachment of 100 Sikhs lent to the Central East African Company, and now on their way in the s.s. ‘ Safari ’ from Bombay, for duty in Nyassaland in connection with the suppression of the slave trade, are volunteers who were called for from the 14th, 15th, 35th, 36th, and 45th Sikh Regiments of the Bengal Army, and 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Sikh Infantry of the Punjab Frontier Force. About 2000 men volunteered, and from them Lieut. Edwards has picked the men who are with him. They have not been so much selected for their fine appearance as for being men of good character and having almost clear medical history sheets. Most of them are between thirty and thirty-five years of age, and have seen service in Afghanistan, Burmah, Egypt, and on the north-west frontier. The Sepoys will be paid by the Company Rs. 18 a month, in addition to free rations. They have much rough work before them. The *Bombay Times* says that of a similar detachment who went to Nyassaland, less than two years ago, all but about fifteen have been killed or invalided.”

Catholic king made a dash at Rome, captured it by assault, and hold it still by arms. Had the troops of France or Austria, or a single English regiment, been there, that king would never have dared to attack them as he attacked the handful of the Pontifical troops and the Papal Zouaves. As to the alleged unwillingness of the inhabitants of Rome to continue under the dominion of their Pontiff-King—to their credit be it remembered, they resisted every bribe, every bait to manifest impatience with the reign of Pius, or assist the invaders in any way. Thereupon, the Italian Government organised excursions of vagabonds from all quarters, to get up the requisite “demonstration,” giving them free passes on the railways,¹ and making it worth their while. The Romans had good reason to be content with their lot: they then paid seven per cent. in taxes, and now pay forty-seven per cent. Their position was exceptional, and Providence had ordained it. In the days of Moses God appointed certain cities to be cities of refuge: we do not read that the vote of their inhabitants was taken. While we do read in history that, when the Popes were forced from Rome to Avignon, the inhabitants dwindled from 150,000 to 17,000. It is evident enough that, but for the choice of Rome for the capital of Christendom, the City must have perished and sunk down, like the ruins of her pagan days, to the level of the surrounding Campagna.

¹ At Florence an elderly Neapolitan in the service of an English family without embarrassment acknowledged to the writer that he had got to Rome from Naples in this manner, and said that thousands had done the same. So much for plebiscites!

Finally, we are told to look at the present glorious position of the Pope—never more conspicuously supreme, never more revered, obeyed and loved. Surely then, it is urged, he is better without the Temporal Power? Pius IX. has already given the answer to this argument. He has pointed out that, were the Pope to betray his trust, to renounce his rights, to submit to the terms offered by his oppressor, the confidence of the Catholic world would be shaken, and he would sink in the estimation of the nations into the position of an episcopal chaplain of the King of Italy! It is precisely because he is oppressed, because he is a prisoner, that the nations feel sure that the word in his mouth is the word of God, that the word of God is not bound. But it is not to the invader and despoiler that thanks are due, if, to the joy of every nation, the Holy Father is at present the object of the greatest homage and reverence. It is a sad and miserable state of things, that amidst the universal rejoicing, in which schismatics, heretics, Jews, Mohammedans took part, one Catholic monarch felt obliged to hold aloof, self-excommunicated by his false position and unfilial attitude, more isolated by his own act than by the censure of the Church. No respectful greetings, no affectionate congratulations were offered to the Holy Father by the ungenerous foe, the rebellious son whose presence in the interdicted Quirinal detains the Pope a prisoner in the Vatican. The government of this king cannot therefore in self-exculpation point to a glory in which it has no share, from which—even in the days of the Holy Father's Episcopal Jubilee—

it withholds, to its own confusion, all contribution. That government speaks foolishly, and falsely, and hypocritically, when it says: "The Pope is a prisoner by his own choice, it is his fault, not ours: he chooses to remain within the Vatican walls: *we* do not keep him there." This is untrue: their "sacrilegious crime" compels the Pope to make this choice. Christ said: "I lay down my life. No man taketh it from me: but I lay it down of myself." And, nevertheless, the Jews did not adduce these words to disprove S. Stephen's charge that they were the "betrayers and murderers of the Just One." Those who in 1881 took no steps, after receiving due warning, to guard the mortal remains of Pius IX. from tumultuous insult and outrage are little likely to interfere, were Leo XIII. to leave his palace and appear in public. The first act of homage on the part of one of his faithful people would be the signal for riot on the part of the revolutionary masters of the Italian Government. The Pontiff-King cannot appear in Rome, to encounter the disloyal and dangerous demonstrations with which wretches are prepared to do a service to the King of Italy, as the murderers thought to do a service to the King of England when they slew our S. Thomas of Canterbury in his own cathedral. But, were there no danger of murder, personal violence, or unseemly tumult, the thing is morally impossible. In the Eternal City the Pope is powerless, he cannot enforce a single order. How, then, could the Holy Father, consistently with his dignity and priestly duty, pass out into Rome, a city desolated with abomination—

whose streets and squares are desecrated with sacrilegious eyesores, profaned with atrocious blasphemies, flooded with slimy scurrilities? "*Sordes ejus in pedibus ejus! Inimicus homo hoc fecit.*"

"Well!" they say, "if the Pope cannot accommodate himself to the new (dis)order, to the changed circumstances, he can go away altogether; *we* should regret his decision, but it proves how truly free he is, that we are here ready to assist him to depart if he so resolves." No doubt, they are quite ready to get rid of the Pope. But it is heartless trifling to call him free. Whither could he go? Has he not learned from the Good Shepherd to give his life for his sheep rather than desert his flock? There will be no second *Domine, quo vadis? Romam, ut Crucifigar.*

It is not, then, for the pomp, the display, the earthly glory of royalty that the Pope pines in our midst—wisdom, age, and virtue all shield him from the shafts of insinuations so unworthy—it is for the cessation of "a great scandal and an enormous injustice," for the end of "a warfare that ought never to have been begun," for liberty and independence, for concord instead of conflict, for the happiness of gathering all the children of the Peninsula close to his fatherly heart in one single embrace. And, in sympathy with the sufferings of its Head, the whole Catholic body grieves and complains that the Pope is not free, that "Peter is kept in prison," that "the breath of our mouth Christ the Lord is taken in our sins; to whom we said: Under thy shadow we shall live among the Gentiles" (Jer. Lament. iv. 20).

In a private annotation of his Bible, Father Faber left the following words written on the margin : *Comfort when the Sardinians invaded the Papal States, Sept., 1860.* The place marked is chap. xxxii. Jeremias ; and the application of the words is now even more appropriate than then. " At that time the army of the King of Babylon besieged Jerusalem : and Jeremias the prophet was shut up in the court of the prison. . . . Thus saith the Lord : Behold I will give this city into the hand of the King of Babylon, and he shall take it. . . . Alas, alas, alas, O Lord God ! . . . what thou hast spoken is all come to pass, as thou thyself seest. . . . And sayest thou to me : Buy a field for money and take witnesses, whereas the city is given into the hands of the Chaldeans ? . . . Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel : Houses and fields and vineyards shall be possessed again in this land." The whole chapter is to the same purport, to inspire confidence, to sustain hope, to lead to prayer. On all Oratorians, sons of the Apostle of Rome, this duty is especially laid, and they can have no higher privilege than to discharge it loyally.

" O Mary, Mother Mary, thou wilt pray for Philip's home,

Thou wilt turn the Heart of Him who turned Saint Peter back to Rome !

Yes, thou wilt pray thy prayer, and the battle will be won,

And the Saviour's sinless Mother save the City of her Son."

—*Faber.*



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